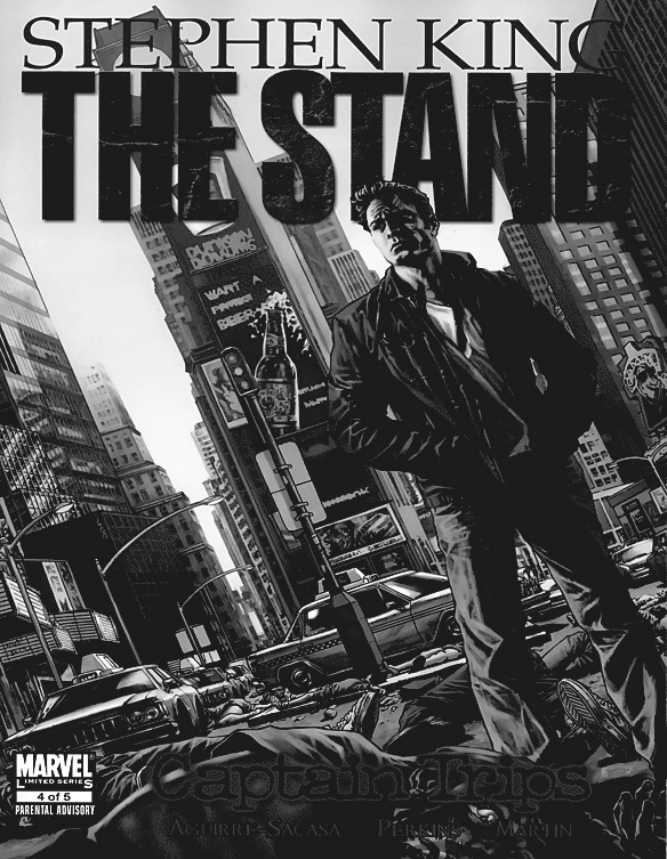


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STEPHEN KING THE STAND



MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
4 of 5
PARENTAL ADVISORY

AGUIRRE-SACASA

PERKINS

MARTIN

STEPHEN KING THE STAND

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PREVIOUSLY IN THE STAND...

After an accident at the mysterious Project Blue government facility in the Californian desert, a deadly virus has started to decimate the country's population, and the outlook is grim...

The flu-like "Captain Trips" virus has a mortality rate in excess of 99 percent, and the one person in custody (at the CDC in Atlanta) who seems immune, Stuart Redman, isn't giving up any secrets...

Meanwhile, in Maine, Frannie Goldsmith has told her family that she's pregnant and that she isn't going to marry her baby's father, alienating her conservative mother...

Fledgling recording star Larry Underwood has escaped Los Angeles for New York and moved in with his mother, who has begun to display flu-like symptoms...

In Arizona, "outlaw" Lloyd Henreid robbed a convenience store and was promptly arrested by the State Patrol...

While passing through Shoyo, Arkansas, deaf-mute Nick Andros was attacked by four locals, ending up in the care of the town's sheriff, John Baker, who deputized Andros...

And when two reporters for the Houston Daily pieced together what happened at Project Blue, they were executed by government agents before they could go public...

Bad news, indeed.



SHOYO, ARKANSAS.

Nick Andros, manning the prison while Sheriff Baker recuperates at home.



BILLY WARNER:

Ray's gonna be back, you know. And when he gets back, you're gonna wish you were blind as well as deaf and dumb--



MIKE CHILDRESS:

Hey, dummy, can we get some breakfast, do you think?



VINCE HOGAN:

...and a doctor...

...I'm sick... need a doctor...



Nick left a note before heading out:



Sheriff John Baker

DEAR SHERIFF OR WHOEVER,
I'VE GONE TO GET BREAKFAST
FOR THE PRISONERS AND TO
SEE IF I CAN HUNT DOC
SOANES DOWN FOR VINCE
HOGAN, WHO APPEARS TO BE
REALLY SICK, NOT PLAYING
POSSUM.
NICK ANDROS

THE HARBORSIDE HOTEL OGUNQUIT, MAINE.

Where Frannie Goldsmith's been trying, for the last three hours, to write a letter to Grace Puggan, a high school chum now going to Smith.

It wasn't meant to be a confessional "I'm-pregnant" letter, just a friendly "How-are-you?" letter.

But it wasn't allowing itself to be written.

Thus far, Frannie had managed: "I have problems of my own, boy do I have problems, I just don't have the heart to write them all down."

RING
RING

Jess, the father of Frannie's child, calling from Portland.

...you got a lot of static at home, huh?

Well, I got some.

She didn't want to get into the scene she'd had with her mother; that would've made them conspirators of a sort, and Fran and Jess weren't, not anymore.

My offer still stands, Frannie. Say yes, and I can buy a couple of rings and be there this afternoon.

I know you could, Jess, but I'm not ready to get married, and that has nothing to do with you.

Her voice was calm; she didn't want to giggle or cry, though there was a danger of both.



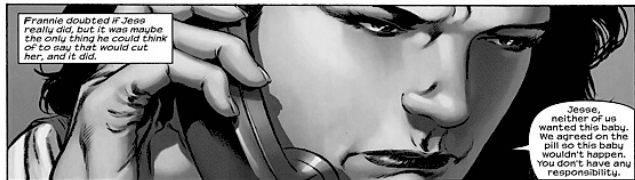
What about the baby?

I'm going to have it.

And then give it up?

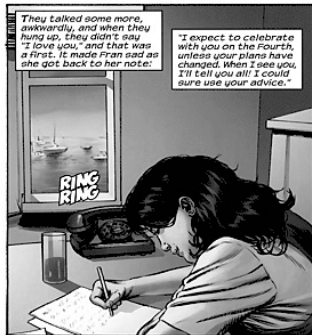
I haven't decided.

I wonder about that baby...



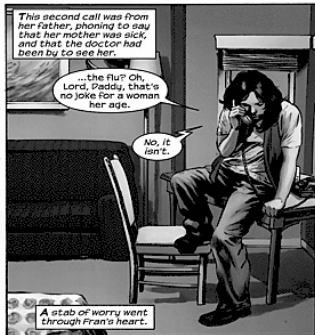
Frannie doubted if Jesse really did, but it was maybe the only thing he could think of to say that would cut her, and it did.

Jesse, neither of us wanted this baby. We agreed on the pill so this baby wouldn't happen. You don't have any responsibility.



They talked some more, awkwardly, and when they hung up, they didn't say "I love you," and that was a first. It made Fran sad as she got back to her note:

"I expect to celebrate with you on the Fourth, unless your plans have changed. When I see you, I'll tell you all! I could sure use your advice."



This second call was from her father, phoning to say that her mother was sick, and that the doctor had been by to see her.

...the flu? Oh, Lord, Paddy, that's no joke for a woman her age.

No, it isn't.

A stab of worry went through Fran's heart.



At the end of their conversation, Peter promised his daughter he would visit or call if Carla's situation worsened.

Then, after much agonizing, Fran finally finished her letter to Grace: "Believe in me and I'll believe in you."

Outside, purple and black clouds were gathering over Ogunquit Harbor.

A storm was coming.

**LOS ANGELES,
CALIFORNIA.**

**SANTA MONICA
BOULEVARD.**

Jane's
Place, we're
open.



To
anything?

Listen,
wise guy, this
isn't...

...wait-
a-minute,
Larry?

Yeah,
Arlene, it's
me. Hi.



Where are
you, Larry?
Nobody's seen
you.

**NEW YORK CITY.
TIMES SQUARE.**

Well, I'm on the
East Coast...

Somebody told me there
were bloodsuckers on me
and I ought to get out of
the pool until they
dropped off.

Come to
think of it, I
heard something
about that, big
spender.



Yeah, listen,
Arlene, is Wayne
Stuckey around? I
want to thank him
for something.

You mean
you haven't
heard?



He's in
the hospital
with this flu
bug...





Captain Trips, they're calling it out here, not that it's any laughing matter. People are scared, staying in.

We've got six empty tables, and you know Jane's never has any empty tables.



How's Wayne doing?



Who knows? The hospitals have wards and wards of sick people, but no one can visit them. And there are a lot of soldiers on the streets, riding around in convoys with guns.

It's *spooky*, Larry. People are saying the army got careless with one of those little plague jars...



That's just scare talk. There hasn't been anything on the news.

Out here there's been little things in the paper about getting flu boosters, but that's it...

You're better off where you are if you haven't gotten a whiff of this.

Larry was thinking of his mother's cold. How it had gotten better, then worse, and was now awful...

And hadn't there been a lot of sneezing and coughing in the arcade he'd been in earlier...? Like a TB ward...?

New York, thy name is paranoia.

PHOENIX, ARIZONA.
THE MUNICIPAL JAIL



MAXIMUM SECURITY.

Lloyd Henreid, described in the papers as "the baby-faced, unrepentant killer," meeting with his court-appointed attorney, Andy Devins:



And he held a gun on you at several points in time during your so-called killing spree.

No, he never--

Yes, he did, Sylvester, you just forgot for awhile. In fact, he threatened to kill you if you didn't back him up, isn't that right?

Listen, Mr. Devins--

First of all, my name's not--



Listen to me, *Sylvester*, and listen carefully.

You don't have the slightest idea how big a jam you're in.





You're going to trial in *four* days. We'll have a jury on the first day. The state will present its case on the second. I'll try to take up three days. I'll filibuster on my opening and closing statements--

--but then the jury will retire and find you guilty in about three *minutes*.



And then?



Why, then you go on to Peath Row at state prison and enjoy all that good food until it's time to ride the lightning.



It won't take long...

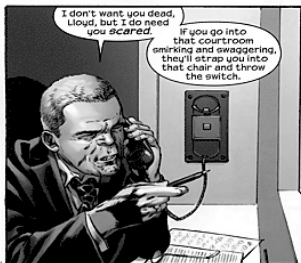


You scared, Sylvester?



C-Christ, yes, I'm scared.

From what you say, I'm a dead man.



I don't want you dead, Lloyd, but I do need you *scared*.

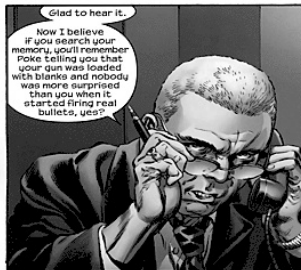
If you go into that courtroom smirking and swaggering, they'll strap you into that chair and throw the switch.



But if you listen to me, we *might* be able to squeak through.

I don't say we will; I say we *might*.

I... understand.



Glad to hear it.

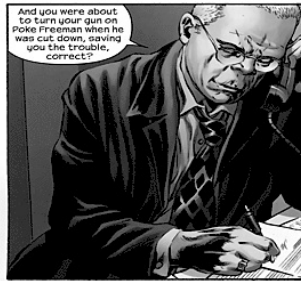
Now I believe if you search your memory, you'll remember Poke telling you that your gun was loaded with blanks and nobody was more surprised than you when it started firing real bullets, yes?



Lloyd was like a bad student who had *finally* grasped his teacher's lesson.

Yes, sir...

...I 'bout damn near had a hemorrhage.



And you were about to turn your gun on Poke Freeman when he was cut down, saving you the trouble, correct?



Stupid as he was, Lloyd Henrich knew that unless a goddamned miracle happened, he'd have one roll with that jury, double or nothing.

Mr. Devins...

...that's *just* the way that it went down, yes.

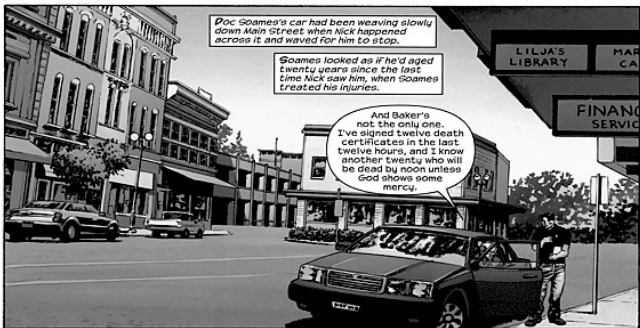
**SHOYO, ARKANSAS.
DOC SOAMES:**



Doc Soames's car had been weaving slowly down Main Street when Nick happened across it and waved for him to stop.

Soames looked as if he'd aged twenty years since the last time Nick saw him, when Soames treated his injuries.

And Baker's not the only one. I've signed twelve death certificates in the last twelve hours, and I know another twenty who will be dead by noon unless God shows some mercy.



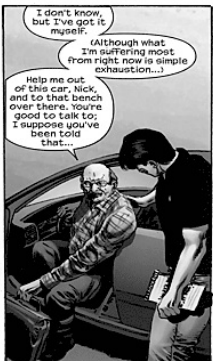
But I doubt if this is God's duty.



I don't know, but I've got it myself.

(Although what I'm suffering most from right now is simple exhaustion...)

Help me out of this car, Nick, and to that bench over there. You're good to talk to; I suppose you've been told that....





The symptoms are all very common: Chills. Fever. Headache. Weakness and loss of appetite. Painful urination, swelling of the glands, armpits, and in the groin. Respiratory weakness and failure.



Those are symptoms of the common cold, of influenza, of pneumonia. We can cure all those things, Nick, but not this.

This thing escalates, backs up, escalates again; debilitation increases; the swelling gets worse; until finally, in every case I believe, death.



Someone made a mistake.

And they're trying to cover it up.



It sounds slightly paranoid, doesn't it?

But none of the phones in Shoyo work. And furthermore, the two Shoyo exits from the turnpike are closed off with barriers which say **road construction**, but there's no construction.



There are soldiers, too, I've heard. At the exits, on the backroads. Army vehicles blocking every way in and out of town.

I repeat: Someone made a mistake and now they're trying to cover it up. And, in the meantime, how many people will die?

Madness, madness...

And you, Nick?
How do you feel?
A cold? Sneezing?
Coughing?

Nick shook his head
"no" to each one.

Will you
try to leave
town?

I think you
could, if you
went by the
fields.

I CAN'T LEAVE THE
MEN I HAVE
LOCKED UP.
I'LL GET THEM
FED THEN GO
SEE MRS. BAKER.

You're a
thoughtful boy;
that's rare.

A boy in this
degraded age who
has a sense of
responsibility is
even rarer...

You'll be
careful of those
three you have
locked up, won't
you?

Nick nodded soberly.

When he got back to the jail
with breakfast, both Billy and
Mike looked badly frightened
and Vince Hogan was delirious
with a fever.

By six o'clock that
evening, he would
be dead.

NEW YORK.
THE APARTMENT OF
ALICE UNDERWOOD.

KERASHH!

MOM?

Larry had tried calling his mother; there'd been no answer.

From behind her apartment's locked door, he'd heard a groan.

Mom, where are you?

Now a louder groan, coming from--

Jesus, Mom.

Alice Underwood was lying on the floor, half in and half out of her bedroom.

Her breathing was ragged, clogged with phlegm.

Larry?

Going to put you on your bed, Mom--

The heat Alice's body was giving off terrified Larry.

No one could remain so hot and live, he thought. Her brains must be frying in her head.

Larry, go get your father--

He's in the bar with that photographer--

Outside, thunder was rumbling and rain was splattering the windows.

KRA-KOOM!

Inside--

YOU GO
TELL YOUR DAD
I SAID COME
HOME!!

From his mother's bedroom,
a scream that chilled his blood:

LA-REEEEEE-EE!

The phone rang three times,
there was a buzzing sound,
then a click.

Then a bright,
mechanical voice:

You have
reached Mercy
General Hospital.
Right now, all of our
circuits are busy. If
you will hold, your
call will be taken as
soon as possible.
Thank you.

Inside, Larry was dialing
Mercy Hospital--

Come
on, come
on...

Damn--

Should he call a private
ambulance? Or see if Mr.
Freeman, Alice's downstairs
neighbor, would watch her
while he went to the hospital
himself?

Mr. Freeman--

He'd start there--

Mom, listen
to me, I'll be
back--

I'm going
to go to the
hospital--



Asking questions like:

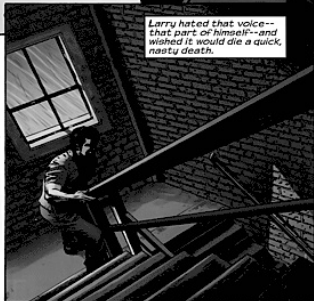
Why do these things always
happen to me? Why now, when
I was finally turning it around?

And most
despicable
of all:

How bad is Mom going
to screw up my plans?
How much of my life am
I going to have to
change around to deal
with her mess?



Larry hated that voice--
that part of himself--and
wished it would die a quick,
nasty death.



But it was still going strong as he
knocked on Mr. Freeman's door--

Mr. Freeman?
It's Larry Underwood,
Alice's boy?

Mr. Freeman,
if you're there,
I need your
help!



Knocking that echoed
like thunder...

KRA-KOOM!

OGUNQUIT, MAINE.

Paddy?
What is it?
Is it Mom?

THE HARBORSIDE INN.

Fran...
Frannie...

Responsibility is a pie, Frannie thought. And some of it would have to be hers. It wasn't just the charity work that made Carla Goldsmith sick.

Is
Mom all
right?

Tell me,
Paddy!

She got worse, about an hour
after we talked. Her fever went
up, she started to rave...

I called the Sanford
Hospital, and they said
that their ambulances
were out on calls, both
of them, but that they
would add Carla
to their list...

KRA-KOW!



*Let? Since
when do ambulances
have waiting
lists?*



They finally came about
fifteen minutes ago. And
there were *six* people in
the back of that
ambulance...

Your
mother... came out
of it a little as they
put her in, and she
kept saying, "I can't
catch my breath,
Peter, why can't
I breathe...?"



Christ,
Frannie...

What's
happening?

Paddy...

A black and white comic book illustration showing a man and a woman in a close embrace. The man is on the left, wearing a dark jacket, and the woman is on the right, wearing a light-colored jacket. They are standing in front of a house with a door and windows. Rain is falling heavily around them.

*Guilt gnawed at Frannie, furry
bodies inside her belly--where
that other thing was, her baby--
and she began to cry.*

*Eat your pie, she told
herself as she hugged
her father.*

*It tastes terrible
and bitter, but eat
your pie.*

*Have seconds,
have thirds.*

*Eat your pie,
Frannie Goldsmith,
eat every bite.*

A black and white comic book illustration showing a large, multi-story house in the background. In the foreground, there is a wooden fence with three birds perched on it. The scene is set in the rain, with raindrops visible throughout the image.

*In a kind of terrible, odd coincidence,
Alice Underwood in New York, Carla
Goldsmith in Maine, and Jane Baker
(who had shown Nick Andros such
kindness) in Shoyo would all three
die the same day, mere hours apart.*

PROJECT BLUE
STARKEY AND CREIGHTON:

The President called me. I've...been relieved, Len.

Of course I knew it was coming, but it still hurts like hell.

Jesus, Bill.

When this country ought to be getting on its knees to kiss your feet.

You're in charge now, Len. The President wants you in Washington as soon as you can get there. You're going to have to tell him...

It's out of control now. It's popped up in Oregon, Nebraska, Louisiana, Florida...

Yeah, tentative cases in Mexico and Chile, too.

The report just came in.

And we're getting exactly nowhere with Stuart Redman. Did you know we actually *injected* him with the Blue virus?

"He thought it was a sedative.

"His body killed the virus, and no one has the slightest idea how..."

My daughter gave me a book of poems some years ago, Len, by a man named Yeats...

He said that things fall apart. That the center doesn't always hold.



The end of one poem
gave me goosebumps
the first time I read it,
and it still does:

*"What rough beast,
its hour come round
at last, slouches
towards Bethlehem
to be born?"*



The beast is on its way, Len,
and it's a good deal rougher
than that fellow Yeats ever
could have imagined.

Things *are*
falling apart. The
job--your job--is to
hold as much as you
can together for
as long as you
can.



Yes, sir.

Yes, Billy.



I have
business
to attend
to.



General Starkey slipped his
West Point ring off his right
hand and his wedding band
off his left.

For my
daughter Cindy.
See that she gets
them, Len.

I will,
sir.



Both men stood ramrod
straight and saluted
each other.

Tears were
streaming down
Len Creighton's
face.

Starkey then went to Project Blue's cafeteria, where Private Frank D. Bruce still lay with his face in the soup bowl.



Another dead man had a sign written in Magic Marker tied around his neck with a shoelace.



NOW YOU KNOW
IT WORKS.
ANY QUESTIONS?



Starkey was sobbing as he loosened the strap over the butt of his pistol and put its barrel into his mouth.



When the blast came, it was muffled and undramatic.

None of the corpses in the room of the dead took notice.

None of them told Starkey that he'd been right:



That the beast was coming...

MEANWHILE.
ELSEWHERE.



Randall Flagg, the dark man, strode south on U.S. 51.



It was an hour before dawn, and he was somewhere between Gramere and Riddle, west of Twin Falls, still north of the Puck Valley Reservation that spreads across two states...



...and wasn't it a fine night?

TO BE CONCLUDED...

The Stand: Real World Superflus

Move over, Captain Trips—meet six deadly diseases that shook the world

By Sean T. Collins

In *THE STAND: CAPTAIN TRIPS*, Marvel's limited series written by Roberto Aguirre-Sacasa with art by Mike Perkins based on Stephen King's celebrated novel, a government bioweapon with a popular nickname swiped from the Grateful Dead wipes out nearly all of the world's population.

But sometimes truth can be stranger than fiction—though thankfully not quite as deadly—and lethal pandemics have long been a fact of life for humanity's fragile existence on Earth. From the Black Death that ravaged Europe during the Dark Ages to recent diseases that may one day put *THE STAND* to shame, here's a look at some of the most powerful plagues ever unleashed on an unsuspecting world.

THE BLACK DEATH AKA:

Bubonic plague/*Yersinia pestis*

THE HOT ZONE: China, India, Central Asia and Europe, 1330's-early 1350's

THE SYMPTOMS: Painfully swollen lymph nodes (known as buboes, hence "bubonic plague"); fever; vomiting blood; red spots on the skin that turn black with decay (hence "the Black Death")

THE OUTBREAK: Believed to have originated in China, this dreaded disease spread west via flourishing land and sea trade routes of the Mongol Empire, eventually reaching Sicily by ship in 1347. The plague itself was transmitted by fleas who hitched a ride on the infected rats that frequented trading ships. Its impact on society was nearly apocalyptic, killing fully one third of the population of Europe in just four years, and killing one third of China's population as well.

THE DEATH TOLL: approx. 70 million

THE 1918 INFLUENZA PANDEMIC AKA:
Spanish flu/Influenza A virus
subtype H1N1

THE HOT ZONE: Worldwide, 1918-1919

THE SYMPTOMS: Internal hemorrhaging, including of the lungs; bleeding from the ears, nose, and skin; secondary, lethal bacterial pneumonia infections

THE OUTBREAK: First spotted in an Army hospital in Kansas on March 4, 1918, this incredibly virulent flu

strain appeared around the world by late summer; the true extent of the threat became apparent when it ravaged Spain, giving it its popular name. Spread by troop movements during the still-raging World War I, it killed more than double the number of people slain in that conflict, including 675,000 in America alone—a higher death toll than that of all the United States' 20th century wars combined—before disappearing.

THE DEATH TOLL: approx. 50-100 million



EBOLA AKA:

Ebola hemorrhagic fever/Ebolavirus;
known strains include Zaire, Sudan,
Reston, Ivory Coast, and Bundibugyo

THE HOT ZONE: Primarily central Africa, 1976-present

THE SYMPTOMS: High fever; red eyes; flu-like symptoms including fatigue, sore throat, nausea, and aches and pains; uncontrollable and bloody diarrhea and vomit; bleeding from the nose, mouth, and anus

THE OUTBREAK: First spotted in a schoolteacher in Yambuku, Zaire in 1976, Ebola seized the public imagination due to the gruesomeness of its symptoms and its astonishingly high fatality rate—up to 90% in some outbreaks of the most lethal strain, Ebola-Zaire. Fortunately, that level of lethality, and the fact that there is only one reported case of airborne transmission of the virus (among lab monkeys in Reston, Virginia), have kept the disease from reaching pandemic proportions.

THE DEATH TOLL: approx. 1200

HIV/AIDS AKA:

Human Immunodeficiency Virus/Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome

THE HOT ZONE: Worldwide, now concentrated in sub-Saharan Africa, 1981-present

THE SYMPTOMS: A host of secondary infections and diseases caused by the HIV-weakened immune system, including Kaposi's sarcoma (virally caused lesions on the skin, mouth, gastrointestinal and respiratory tracts) and lymphoma (cancer of the immune system, originating in the lymph nodes)

THE OUTBREAK: AIDS was first recognized by the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention in June of 1981 among a group of five men in Los Angeles. Spread by sexual contact, blood-to-blood contact (such as that arising from shared intravenous or tainted blood transfusions), and from mother to child, the disease kills by weakening the immune system through the HIV virus' attack on the helper-T cells needed to fight infections and cancers. Though prevention programs and expensive antiretroviral medications can control the spread of the disease, the poverty of sub-Saharan Africa (where the disease is thought to have originated) has seen AIDS reach pandemic proportions in countries like Malawi, where 20% of the population is believed to be infected.

THE DEATH TOLL: over 25 million

SARS AKA:

Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome/SARS coronavirus

THE HOT ZONE: Primarily China, Hong Kong, Southeast Asia, and Canada, 2002-2003



THE SYMPTOMS: Flu-like symptoms including high fever, aches and pains, diarrhea, and coughing; shortness of breath that culminates in pneumonia

THE OUTBREAK: SARS was first seen in China's Guangdong Province in November 2002, but the Chinese government kept the lethal outbreak under wraps until spring of the following year. By that point, American James Earl Salisbury had contracted the disease on a business trip, displaying symptoms on a flight from China to Singapore and dying in a hospital in Vietnam, calling attention to the disease. The ease of worldwide travel helped spread a significant number of SARS cases as far away as Canada, crippling businesses in affected areas like Toronto until the epidemic essentially disappeared in the summer of 2003. Though nearly 10% of diagnosed cases proved fatal, SARS is spread through close contact, lessening its chances of becoming a true pandemic.

THE DEATH TOLL: 774

BIRD FLU AKA:

Avian Influenza/Influenza A virus subtype H5N1

THE HOT ZONE: primarily Southeast Asia, 2004-present

THE SYMPTOMS: Typical flu symptoms culminating in potentially fatal breathing problems and pneumonia

THE OUTBREAK: Easily spread through birds, including both migrating waterfowl like geese and domestic poultry like chickens, this virus has killed millions of birds and spurred the deliberate slaughter of millions more to stop it from spreading. So far, humans have only been able to contract the virus from contact with infected birds, rather than airborne or human-to-human transmission; 60% of diagnosed human cases have been fatal. Like most flu viruses, the H5N1 strain rapidly mutates, leading to concerns that a mutated strain could lead to human-to-human transmission and a pandemic that would rival the destruction of the 1918 influenza, itself an avian flu. One UN estimate projected 150 million potential deaths should this occur.

THE DEATH TOLL: 245

The Stand: Script To Final

PAGE FIVE (CONTINUED).

PANEL FOUR.

Out to Larry, standing at a payphone in Times Square. It's gray and raining, his collar is turned up. Around him, in the background, people are rushing to and fro, trying to duck the rain.

FLOATING TEXT: NEW YORK CITY.

FLOATING TEXT: TIMES SQUARE.

LARRY: Well, I'm on the East Coast...

LARRY: Somebody told me there were bloodsuckers on me and I ought to get out of the pool until they dropped off.

ARLENE/ON PHONE: Come to think of it, I heard something about that, big spender.

PANEL FIVE.

Back to Arlene. More or less a close-up on her as this conversation continues...

LARRY/ON PHONE: Yeah, listen, Arlene, is Wayne Stuckey around? I want to thank him for something.

ARLENE: You mean you haven't heard?

PANEL SIX.

Back to Larry. A close-up on him as what Arlene is telling him washes over him...

ARLENE/ON PHONE: He's in the hospital with this flu bug...

PAGE EIGHT.

PANEL ONE.

Continuing this conversation. Staying on Andy, as he gestures emphatically to the off-panel Lloyd. Maybe he's holding up a hand, with a certain number of fingers, as he counts off what he's saying. And maybe we're over Andy, looking down at him. (Or whatever you want, Mike, or can do to keep these three pages dynamic-ish.)

ANDY: You're going to trial in four days. We'll have a jury on the first day. The state will present its case on the second. I'll try to take up three days, I'll filibuster on my opening and closing statements—

2 ANDY:—but then the jury will retire and find you guilty in about three minutes.

PANEL TWO.

Shifting the focus to Lloyd. Who now—FINALLY—looks more than a little scared. Is maybe even sweating a little bit. Is squeaking out his line of dialogue:

LLOYD: (a squeak) And then?

PANEL THREE.

Back to Andy. A close-up or a hyper-close-up on him; maybe we see his face from the nose-down. And he's smiling almost gleefully, his mouth close to the phone's receiver. Like he's relishing what he's saying.

ANDY: Why, then you go on to Death Row at state prison and enjoy all that good food until it's time to ride the lightning.

PANEL FOUR.

Back to Lloyd. Also and again, more of a close-up on him. (Maybe we see him from the nose-up?) And he's even more scared in this panel...

5 ANDY (O.P.): It won't be long...

PANEL FIVE.

A wider panel that includes both of our players, Andy on the left, Lloyd on the right. Andy a little less intense in this panel. Almost as if he were sitting back and admiring his handiwork. Lloyd, shaken finally, maybe with a hand on his head in a "what-the-hell-did-I-get-myself-into?" gesture.

ANDY: You scared, Sylvester?

LLOYD: C-Christ, yes, I'm scared.

LLOYD: From what you say, I'm a dead man.





The Stand: Cover Process



ISSUE FOUR : TRASHCAN

TRASHCAN MAN STARRING AT
A BURNING TRASHCAN. HE'S
TRANSFIXED - HOLDING ON TO A
LIGHTER WITH A MATCHBOX
WITH SCATTERED MATCHES AT
HIS FEET. RUBBLE AND BODY



STEPHEN KING
THE STAND
ISSUE

5



PREVIEW

The Stand #5 Preview



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The Stand #5 Preview



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